

MORGAN WILL GO TO HAWAII.

To Visit the Islands and Make a Report to the Senate. AND QUAY, TOO, IS GOING.

Selection of the Alabamian for the Mission Means Annexation.

LEAVES ON SEPTEMBER 1.

Will Investigate the Claims of Japan as to the Rights of Her Citizens.

QUAY'S TRIP A PERSONAL ONE.

He Is Not a Member of the Foreign Relations Committee, but Promises a Report of His Own Observations.

Washington, Aug. 1.—Senator Morgan, of Alabama, the leading Democratic member of the Foreign Relations Committee, will leave September 1 for Hawaii as a representative of the Foreign Relations Committee to make a report on the condition of affairs in the island. He will report the result of his investigation to the committee, which, in turn, will report to the Senate. There has been so much conflicting information filed with the Foreign Relations Committee for and against annexing Hawaii that the committee deems it expedient to send one of its members to the islands to make a personal and thorough investigation. Accordingly Senator Morgan was selected for the place because of his thorough knowledge of the Hawaiian question.

Senator Morgan will be gone for several months, but will return before the convening of Congress in December. He will then make his report to the committee without delay. The committee report will, it is expected, be ready to submit to the Senate shortly after the Christmas holidays. It is probable that Senator Morgan will grant hearings while in Hawaii, when the annexationists and the anti-annexationists alike will be given equal opportunities to state their sides of the case. Senator Morgan's mission will also cover the pending dispute between Japan and Hawaii, looking toward a settlement by arbitration. Senator Morgan's report will be looked forward to with great interest by public men, and his statement, which is safe to say, will be a strong appeal for annexation, will do much to make the annexing of the Hawaiian Islands by this country a certainty. Senator Morgan's two daughters will accompany their father to Hawaii, and he will take with him a secretary. It is reported here that Senator Quay is also to go to Hawaii. If he does it will be solely in the capacity of an individual. He is not a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, and will not be expected to make a report of any sort.

QUAY TO HAWAII ALSO.
Given Out That He Is to Go After a Conference of Pennsylvanians at Atlantic City.

United States Senator M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, who is spending a few days at Atlantic City, N. J., announced yesterday to a number of his intimates his intention of making an early trip to the Hawaiian Islands to make a careful study of the country, its prospects and the advantages or disadvantages which would accrue to this country through annexation. Indirectly he gave out the impression that he was going as the informal agent of the Committee on Foreign Relations and that on what he saw and learned in the land of President Dole would be based a voluminous report which would be read when the Hawaiian annexation treaty comes up for consideration.

Senator Quay gave out this information in an informal conference which he held with a number of Pennsylvania State leaders at the Hotel Windsor. They met there at the invitation of Parker Walton, the well-known Pittsburgh politician, and after a luncheon, adjourned to the upstairs parlors, where the conference was held.

In the party were Senator C. Wesley Thomas, of New York, and Senator Charles McNary, of Oregon. Senator Quay was accompanied by a number of the lesser Pennsylvania politicians.

The flashing touches in the work of harmonizing the warring Republican factions in the Keystone State were there arranged. Chris Magee, the Pittsburgh leader, was to have been present, but owing to illness, he would be unable to come. It was then agreed that Senator Thomas, acting as the representative of Senator Quay, should meet and confer with Magee in Philadelphia on Tuesday next. National matters, other than the Hawaiian treaty, were discussed.

When seen last night Senator Quay declined to express any opinion upon the matter of annexation and claimed that he had formed none, but that his intention and his vote would entirely depend upon the impression which he might gain by a personal tour of the islands.

He will remain at Atlantic City until August 12, when, in company with Captain Bessy and a party of Washington friends, he will go to Florida and there spend three weeks fishing and sunning. From Florida he will go direct to San Francisco, whence he will sail, in all probability, not returning until April.

SAW SUN SNUFFED OUT.

Eclipse Viewed from the Morgan Liner El Norte Off the Florida Coast.

Captain Hawthorne and the crew of the Morgan line freighter, which arrived yesterday from New Orleans, saw the sun's light snuffed out in the eclipse of July 29, when the steamer was off the Florida coast.

It was 7:55 a. m., as Captain Hawthorne said, when the moon's disk began to creep over the upper rim of the sun. The steamer's exact position was latitude 24 degrees 20 minutes north, and longitude 81 degrees 50 minutes west, or, in other words, somewhere between the Florida coast and the Gulf of Mexico. The sun was looking eight knots through a calm sea, and overhead the sky was clear save in the westward, where a few low clouds threatened a squall.

"Gradually the atmosphere darkened," said Chief Mate Benson, "until at 8:45 the sun was totally eclipsed, though it still gave forth a subdued, purplish light, such as shines through the windows of a big cathedral. Then it deepened to twilight, while the sun's corona could be plainly seen as the light shot in scintillating rays from behind the moon."

Several feet in frightened groups about the ship at this time, and one alighted on the fore track. It was 10:28 before the eclipse was fairly ended. Captain Hawthorne made some fairly good sketches of the eclipse during its various phases which he will send into port.

CHURCH IN AN UPROAR.

Preacher Pettit Renews His Charges from the Pulpit, and Trustee Morgan Nearly Starts a Fight.

Camden, N. J., Aug. 1.—Rev. George A. Pettit, pastor of Memorial Methodist Church, who was threatened with a nose pulling Friday night by Trustee William Morgan when he accused Mrs. Morgan of being \$11 short in her accounts as treasurer of the Sunday school, undertook to give his version of the affair at the morning service to-day.

Trustee Morgan was on hand to defend his wife, and when the preacher declared the church had been robbed of \$400, but would give no names, though saying that some one ought to be sent to State Prison, Morgan sprang to his feet.

"I'll make you sick enough before you're through with this," he cried.

At once the church was in an uproar. Trustees Davenport and Wright started for Morgan, and Davenport ordered him out of church, but Morgan defied him. A fight would have resulted had not Wright grabbed Davenport by the collar, preventing a personal combat. Wright finally coaxed Morgan into silence.

At the while the whole church was in an uproar, with the preacher calling from the pulpit for quiet. The service was abruptly terminated with the singing of a hymn. Morgan says he will sue Pettit.

Rev. Mr. Pettit then notified the church that he will only preach two more sermons, and this is regarded as sending in his resignation. The affair has been reported to the New Jersey Conference.

CHU'S VOICE CHARMED.

Now His Wife Thinks He Wants to Put Her Out of the Way.

Calm and rational to all appearances a young woman fairly well dressed and lending a six-year-old child, stepped up to Sergeant Kelly in the East Fifty-first Street Police Station last night and said: "I will not be smothered with gas, neither will I have my head chopped off."

The Sergeant jumped up. "What's that?" he exclaimed.

"That's right," continued the woman. "That's what my husband wanted to do. Then the Sergeant asked questions and the woman told that she was Annie Sophia Chu. In 1890, she explained, she had gone

to a concert at Fortieth street and Lexington avenue. There she had heard Paul Chee Chu, a Chinaman, sing "Come Where Lilies Grow So Fair," and was fascinated. She told Mr. Chu so when the concert had come to an end, and he had kissed her hand. In the following April, she says, they were married by Dr. R. S. MacArthur, at the Calvary Church, in Fifty-seventh street. The marriage had been a happy one, the woman said, for several years. Then Chu's love grew cold, according to the woman. "I wanted to leave him," said she, "but every time I mentioned such a thing he would sing to me. It was the voice of some heavenly being, and I clung to him for the sake of that sweet voice."

"But last night," the woman went on when urged to continue, "there was a strong odor of gas in our room. I felt that my Chinese husband wanted to be rid of me. He appeared nervous and he said to me, 'Why don't you sleep, darling?' Then I said, 'Why don't you sleep, darling?' and he answered me, 'Dear, I am asleep.' After that I think he tried to chop off my head while I dozed."

The woman explained that when her husband left their home at No. 403 Wythe avenue, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, to go to church somewhere in New York, she had failed to kiss her. Then she took their little child, Elsie, and had gone away, deciding that she could never again live with a husband who no longer loved her. She wandered around until she got tired and had gone to the station. The woman said her mother lived at No. 1718 Webster avenue, Trenton. She also confessed that she had once been in an insane asylum. Her husband and mother were telegraphed for.

Headquarters of the "Honeycoolers."

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FIERCE BULLDOG FIGHT.

Bum, a Half-Breed, Whips Jack, the Naval Reserve Mascot, in a Hot Finish Battle.

A bulldog fight which possessed the attributes of a professional prize pit encounter was fought to a finish yesterday on the streets of New York. The combatants were a half-breed, named Bum, and a Naval Reserve mascot, named Jack.

The fight took place in front of the Bellevue Hotel, corner of First avenue and Twenty-sixth street.

The fight was a hot one, and the dogs fought with the fierceness of wild animals. With in this circle of humanity, the brutes savagely fought, urged on by their handlers.

Both dogs enjoyed the fight, and the neighborhood of Bellevue Hospital. One of them, a half-breed, named Bum, and the other, a Naval Reserve mascot, named Jack.

Several of the Reserves, with Jack trotting behind, were walking along First avenue yesterday. Pringle Kane was seated outside of his shop with several friends, and Bum was quietly sleeping in the doorway.

When Jack hove in sight one of Kane's friends, who had learned of the approach of the enemy, aroused Bum, and in a moment the dogs met in a fierce struggle.

"I'll bet \$100 to \$150 that my dog wins!" exclaimed a sailor from the battleship Third, who was watching the fight. "I'll bet \$100 to \$150 that my dog wins!"

The fighting animals were urged to their utmost, and a great excitement prevailed. For five minutes the bulldogs fought. They had sunk their fangs repeatedly in each other's neck and the wounds began to sap their strength.

Bum threw his adversary repeatedly and was beating him when the sailor cried, "Get me a pair of water pails. I'll bet \$100 to \$150 that my dog wins!"

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SHAFT PIERCED A SCORCHING CYCLIST.

Charles Schilling Met a Policeman Who Slew O'Keefe Buggy at Midnight on a Smooth Road.

WOUNDED IN THE BREAST.

He Uttered a Shriek and Fell from His Bike, Instantly Killed.

Charles Schilling, while riding his bicycle at midnight on Saturday, collided with a buggy that was being driven toward him. The buggy shaft struck Schilling on the left breast, penetrated it for four inches and broke off. Schilling fell from his wheel, dead.

Schilling was but nineteen years old. He lived on Gordon place, Rahway, and was employed in a manufactory of musical boxes. With Reynold Ecklen, of No. 55 Fourteenth street, Hoboken; Thomas Putnam, George Babel and Ernest Frick, of Rahway, Schilling left his home on Saturday evening to ride to Elizabeth.

Striking the smooth roadway, the young speed, singing as they went. Schilling was the happiest of the party, and concealed along so that his friends with difficulty kept pace with him. Approaching Rahway they met a buggy, which, although it was driven slowly, came suddenly into view from the shadow beyond an electric light.

In the buggy were Thomas O'Rourke, of No. 33 Spring street, Elizabeth, and Carl Peters, No. 1001 Magnolia avenue, Elizabeth. The buggy was directed in Schilling's path, and, as he scorching

at midnight on Saturday, collided with a buggy that was being driven toward him. The buggy shaft struck Schilling on the left breast, penetrated it for four inches and broke off. Schilling fell from his wheel, dead.

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WHY THE OFFICER SHOT THE TOUGH.

Policeman Who Slew O'Keefe Says the Band Meant Murder.

STREET LIGHTS PUT OUT.

Friends of the Dead Man Answer the Charge with a Cry of "Outrage!"

It was a bitter feud that led to the killing

of Cornelius O'Keefe by Policeman Thomas Devine late Saturday night. Upon that point the friends of both agree. Beyond that they positively disagree.

The police declare that the men who composed the crowd which surrounded Devine are members of a notorious gang who work or loaf about the Harlem market and the stable yards at First avenue and One Hundred and Third street. They are known, in police vernacular, as the "Honeycoolers," or the Gas House Gang. These men are said to cherish a bitter enmity against Devine. They are charged with having attacked him while he had a prisoner in charge and, after turning off all the gas lamps on that block, attempting to kill the policeman. It was not until then, says Devine himself, that he killed O'Keefe in self-defense.

The friends of O'Keefe and James Lynch, whose arrest by Devine precipitated the riot, declare, on the other hand, that the killing of O'Keefe was pure brutality. O'Keefe, according to them, was beaten down by the policeman's club until he lay upon the sidewalk and then deliberately put to death by a pistol shot through the heart. It was, they assert, on the part of the policeman, because he had a grudge against Lynch and O'Keefe. What that grudge was none of them is able to clearly define.

Certain it is that the trouble had its beginning about two weeks ago, when Policeman Devine was assaulted one night down by the policeman's club until he lay upon the sidewalk and then deliberately put to death by a pistol shot through the heart. It was, they assert, on the part of the policeman, because he had a grudge against Lynch and O'Keefe. What that grudge was none of them is able to clearly define.

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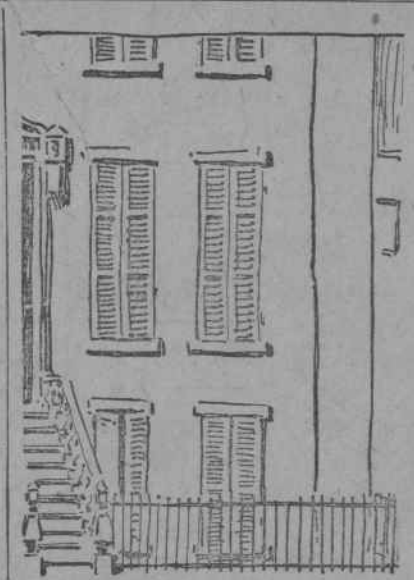
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WHERE THE SHOOTING OCCURRED.

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